



# Puppy Tails

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*As the moon goes to bed, the sun comes up  
And here we meet a sleepy pup,  
Who was walking through G-ville one bright sunny day,  
Then saw The Villager and decided to stay.*

The wind still whistled through the curious puppy's floppy ears, but Doodle Dog had so much fun at the park he decided to go back again today to see what more he could find. As he made his way down the sidewalk, his little legs tilted his body slightly to the side as if automatically remembering how to curve and sway as the go-kart zipped and swerved and whipped through the blurry lines of competition. Doodle Dog almost had to convince himself he was now safe on firm ground! But as his furry paws met the solid concrete, it wasn't long before the floppy-eared puppy found his land legs and it wasn't long after that he found them leading him to the grassy green carpet of the park.

When he arrived, he was almost disappointed not to hear the WHIRR WHIRR of the go-kart engines, almost looking to see where those smudges of color might be parked, trying to sneak a peek here or catch a glance of the shiny paint glistening there. The idea of zooming around the trail almost beckoned him to abandon his original plans for the day. Almost, but not quite, as Doodle Dog was very much looking forward to a new adventure today, and it wasn't long before he found exactly what he was hoping to see!

The land that had so recently held a winding track of hay bales and other obstacles marking the way, going round and round around the lush landscape, directing drivers in a perfect dance intertwining nature and machine, now displayed row after row of tiny potholes in the earth. Volunteers lined up in rows of their own, human after human instead of metal machine after metal machine, methodically worked from one end of the area to the next. In each volunteer's hands was a small, mostly-round object that looked like a baseball but was rather too furry for playing a game. Fuzzy strands of dirt and roots covered the little bulbs and, as the humans holding the various overgrown seeds gently placed them in the spots in the earth, Doodle Dog noticed how careful they were to pack all the pieces just right. The rows were not straight like the strips of colorful vegetables Doodle Dog saw growing in gardens, but rather they were winding and wavy, curving up around a hill here and down a small valley there, reaching even farther than the length of the winding and curvy racetrack that had been there just so recently. As the floppy-eared puppy watched the pattern unfold, he noticed one particular section that seemed to be progressing quite slowly. It only had a few workers trying to dig the little potholes and the existing collection of spaces to place the future plants was quickly being filled up. Every other patch of human workers had a furry volunteer, the four-legged companions making swift work of the initial step of the process. But not this little patch!

Doodle Dog had some digging experience behind him: bones in the front yard, chewy toys by the back fence, that pirate treasure (if only in a daydream!) and there was that tree planting day once upon a springtime. So it didn't take long before he found a spot in the little patch a few paces down from the volunteers. As his furry paws met the soft earth, squishy between his claws, it wasn't long before the floppy-eared puppy's nose found the scent of fresh soil wafting up from the brand new gap in front of him. He moved to the right and made another one! With each new hole complete, Doodle Dog kept right on going, digging and digging to his curious heart's content, creating an earthy bridge of dots connecting one section of freshly planted flowers to the next. A few steps behind him, a volunteer dropped a bulb into the hole he just made and gently covered it with the extra soil dug up from the cover of the earth, tucking it in as though for a nap with a cozy blanket of soft grass.

Though right now it looked like dozens of dark chicken pox spotting up the hillside, Doodle Dog knew that spring would bring its magic and soon each snoozing speck would wake up to sprout a beautiful brightly-colored dot lining up together to create a field of flowers, blurs in yellow, orange, red, pink and purple just like the melted rainbow that streaked across the park not that long ago. And these ones would smell just as wonderful as they looked!